

Bob Mould "Paralyzed"

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An obvious display
Of feelings that have dissipated
And I don't have a clue where to start

You wouldn't let me near you
So I settled for the fear that you'd be
Happy with me six feet in the ground

I will crash when your mood defeats me
Circle of trash swirls around beneath me
I feel paralyzed most every time
You come around to meet me

Stuck in a place that I don't remember
Was it Sunday or last November?
I feel paralyzed most every time
You come around to meet me

Emotions vaporize
They disappear before my eyes
I wish for things that sadly have come true

So if I tried to make it right
And if I found my appetite
I'd eat away at all the pain I seem to bring to you

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